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H A R V E S T .

A MELANGE

RELATING

TO BROOKLYN CITY IN PARTICULAR

AND

TO THE WORLD GENERALLY.

BY

JOHN A. ARMSTRONG,
"

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.

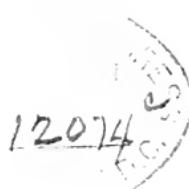
„Die Blüthen fallen und der Herbst beginnt.“

Schiller.

BROOKLYN, E. D. : 4

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Prefatory Note.

SOME time in the fall of 1862, the author of the following pages, from being an occasional, became a constant contributor to the Press, between intervals of study in preparing himself for the legal profession. His offerings, mostly of a light and unsentimental nature, were well received, and subsequently, (March, 1864), on being solicited, he connected himself with one of the daily papers, and gave to it exclusively eight of the best years of his life. They were not wasted years; for with the consciousness of having, to the best of his ability, without fear or favor, done what he conceived, and still conceives, to be a journalist's duty, he retains many pleasant assurances and mementoes of honorable approval, together with the friendship of many noble-minded men, with whom he was first brought into contact by the accidents and events which it was his business to chronicle. During this period of journalistic experience, terminated by his resignation, in order to engage in the practice of the law, there appeared from his pen, under many *nomes de plume*, a number of Comic Ballads, Epigrams, &c., a very inconsiderable portion of which the following pages comprise. The incidents on which they are founded will, he doubts not, be pleasantly recalled by their perusal to the minds of at least a large number of friends and acquaintances; and in this pleasing expectation, rather than in the delusive belief that their possible merits will make them more extensively known, they are here unambitiously submitted by

THE AUTHOR.

Brooklyn, October 22d, 1872.

Ballads of the 'Burgh.

— • —

YE LAY OF YE HOUSELESS HOWARD.

ON Tuesday came to Mrs. Ketcham's house, a houseless wight.
He asked if he could have a room. She answered that he might.
The terms were *tres agreeables*; and then, from such as he,
So well he showed in mien and mode—what need of referee?
The name he gave, a name of fame in old Northumberland,
Was Howard, and he bore a well-tilled carpet bag in hand.
He got the room. Yet, mindful of what passed not long ago,
Perhaps she should have asked him if his Christian name was Joe.
On Wednesday rang the breakfast bell, and high the savory fumes
Went up like incense to the gods and reached the farthest rooms.
And, one by one, and two by two, in slippers and in gown,
Warned by the bell and savory smell, the guests came hastening
down.

“Why lingers still Lord Surrey? How unlike his sires of old!
Why lingers still Lord Surrey? Steak and coffee will be cold.”
“Hie to his chamber, little page.” The page rushed up and cried,
“The breakfast waits, Lord Surrey!” but no voice within replied.
The little page's face grew pale. He paused. No answer. Then,
While knee smote knee for sudden fear, he hastened back again.
“O lady liege, at thy behest, I to the chamber hied,
And said, ‘Lord Surrey, breakfast waits,’ but not a voice replied.”
Quick, at the words, o'er all that bright assembly came a gloom.
And Nature seemed to make a pause portentive of her doom.
Paused in its course, the fork that to the mouth its meat raised up:
The hand relaxed its grasp, too, on the handle of the cup.
A moment past, and all was mirth; but changed was all how soon!
So have we seen the sun o'ercast by a thunder-cloud in June.
“What ails Lord Surrey?” Doubts and fears appear in every face;
‘Tis plain that something terrible has just now taken place.
“Ho! who will open his chamber door?” “I will,” a gallant said,
Stands forth—is followed. It is done. “What's here?” An
empty bed!
“But where's the Howard?” “He's not here!” “Not *here*!”
“No!” “Are you sure?”
“What mean this paper and these bricks that lie about the floor?”
“Where is the Howard's carpet bag?” “Both gone!” ‘Twas
all too true.
Cries some one—“*Sacre!* my two coats have gone, confound
them, too.”

OFF TO LITTLE NECK.

“GIVE me the lines!” The lines were passed, the lash light waved, and lo !

Forth leaped the Flushing courser as the bolt leaps from the bow, And round him wrapped the rider the warm hide of the buffalo. Ho! man of the hostelry, thy trust to give with so small reck ! You should have obtained a deposit in greenbacks or a cheque, And your horse and wagon would, ere now, have been back from Little Neck.

THE GREENPOINT OYSTER MERCHANT.

THE oyster merchant paused at morn, and taking out his purse, Gave fifty dollars to his wife to be the week’s resource.

Then, having kissed her tenderly, he said “Dear wife, good day ! Bear light my absence, love, till I come back from Oyster Bay.” ‘Twas hard to part, and down his cheek there went a briny rill, And Catherine weeping too, replied “I will, my love, I will.” He took the tiller in his hand. The breeze blew fair that day, Nor long ‘twas till his anchor’s fluke took hold in Oyster Bay. By set of sun, his work was done ; his hold was freighted well, And as his sail swelled with the breeze, he felt his bosom swell. “O breeze!” he said, “speed on ahead and breathe in Catherine’s ear,

“Thy doting lord is on his way and shortly will be here.” He came, he saw, ah ! not the scene his ardent fancy drew : His house was closed, his spouse was gone and all his money too. And now he stays, poor lonely man, attending to a tap, And tells to every friend that comes, the tale of his mishap. And some he finds who show for him a sympathy sincere, And tears flow fast as they converse, and so does—lager beer.

THE MAN WHO JUMPED TO REACH THE BOAT.

UP he rose at six precisely, washed his face and “fixed” his hair— Paid a newsboy for a paper, but read very little there,— Then, having sent some cakes and scalding coffee down his throat, Out he rushed and down South-Seventh street, in haste to catch the boat.

“Ha! well met !” a friend exclaims, to whom he owes a little bill, (And to whom, from all appearances, he’ll likely owe it still ;) “Ah dear boy,” he says, “excuse me : I will call and pay *that note* ;

But, just now, you see, I’m pressed for time : I want to catch the boat.”

On he hurries—strikes an apple-stand in front of the hotel,
 Sends the apples and the apple-stand about the street pell-mell.
 Rage of apple-vender awful ; but his words we will not quote.
 “*M' excusez vous*, dear sir ; but I'm in haste to catch the boat.”

Oh confusion worse confounded than the Labyrinth of Crete !
 Horses, wagons, carts and carriages completely fill the street ;
 Each is eager to be foremost through the gates, to get afloat.
 “Oh dear me ! this jam is shocking, and I want to catch the
 boat.”

Oh, what noisy objurgation ! Ha ! two carmen in a fight !
 Crowd grows denser. Dave McFarland, the policeman, comes in
 sight.

Tim O'Dowd is nabbed while squeezing Dick McLaughlin's
 slender throat.

“There's the bell ! Oh—well, confound this muss ; I'll never catch
 the boat.”

Round and round the windlass goeth ; up two stout men haul
 the plank.

To the ferry bridge thrown forward, fall the boat-chains with a
 clank.

Roars the funnel ; swirl the paddles ; out she goes ! They're all
 afloat.

Down the ferry bridge he rushes for a jump to reach the boat.

“Back !” the deck-hands cry with gestures that of danger
 intimate :

But he must be in New York by seven and therefore cannot wait.
 Off he leaves, and the next moment a loud splash the people note,
 And in the water struggles one who jumped to reach the boat.

How the women scream to see him ! How their male companions
 swear !

None can save him ; for, alas, there are no corks nor boat-hooks
 there.

“What's the matter ?” asks a stranger. Says a little *sans culotte*,
 “Only a cove as has been drowned wot jumped to reach the
 boat.”

In a very few days after, out near Greenpoint he is found,
 When the tide receding leaves him high and dry upon the ground.
 Coroner Barrett* from the “47th,” receives a little note—

“Body found—supposed of some one who has fallen from a
 boat.”

* John Barrett Esq., of Greenpoint, an honest man, and one of the most
 gentlemanly officials ever elected in Kings County.

Twelve sagacious men are mustered and the verdict they proclaim,
On viewing all the evidence, is—"Nobody to blame—
Ferry Companies have no time to our safeties to devote :
The feller fell because the feller jumped to reach the boat."

OH MY UMBRELLA !

A L A Y O F N E W Y E A R ' S D A Y .

I met, to-day, out near Broadway,* a very pleasant fellow,
He smoked a very fine cigar and had a new umbrella.
I saw him mount a brown stone stoop. He stopped to make a call.
He laid his new umbrella on the table in the hall ;
And beside his new umbrella, shining brightly as a star,
He laid upon the table too his half consumed cigar.
In he ventures ! In the drawing room what bewitching forms he
sees !
Not on the Cydnus Egypt's Queen arrayed like one of these !
He wishes all a "happy year," talks weather and, in fine,
Not very loth, is tempted to partake of cake and wine.
He rises and effects a graceful exit, and once more
I see him as he issues forth but not as seen before.
His new umbrella is destroyed. Of all its shade bereft,
The iron ribs, a skeleton, are all that now is left.
No shred of silk is to be seen. How came this to befall ?
From leaving his cigar upon the table in the hall.

MR. TIMOTHY O'FLANAGAN'S ACCOUNT OF "THE
MUSEUM" NEW YORK.

WELL, sich eucrosities an' sich monsthrocities
An' all things quhare that walk or crawl or shwim,
Me fellow nayburs, sure the likes, be jabers,
I never seed sins I was christened Tim !
Chaps music skilled in, outside the buildin'
Upon a balkenny keep up a din,
Wid fiddles goin', and big bugles blowin'
To plaze the folks, an' git them to come in.
Aint it a scandal to see them handle
Their fifes an' fiddles wid no shame at all,
Fornenst the porch there of yondher church there
Right in the holy presence of Saint Paul ?

* Part of Division Avenue, then so called.

Oh grand apostle, they use you most ill.

Thy holy ears bewildherin' ivery day

Wid "Mrs. Teazle," "Pop goes the Weazel,"

An' "Robert Ridney O," an' "Old Dog Thray."

Porthraits delicious of bastes an' fishes

Are hung up outside in the public view,

Wid snaiks prodigious, an' reptiles hideous,

Say horses huge an' alligators too.

An' outside standin', a gent is handin'

Long bills of all that's to be seen within,

(A nate young fellow) but I may's well tell ye

That you can't enther, if ye've got no tin.

The sights that's there, sir, are beyant compare, sir.

Great gods and hayroes all done in wax,

Wid saints an' sages an' birds in cages,

An' naughty monkeys lyin' on their backs,

Makin' grimaces wid their hairy faces,

Or scratching themselves fiercely wid their nails,

Their oatnale scattherin' or shrilly chattlierin',

Or tyin' knots on one another's tails.

While I was standin', each objeck scannin',

A shriek of agenny did rend the air.

I looked, an' that boy they calls tho *Fat Boy*

Had got the ould Albino be the hair.

"Hello! hello! there," sez I, "let go there!"

But loose his hold the darned young cuss would not

Until both falling sent a glass case sprawling,

Upsettin' Kowshoot an' Sir Walther Scott.

There right before ye, is Queen Victoria,

A faymale wid a lot of famous males,

Far be it from me, not to minition "Tommy"

An' his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,

On shelves are scatthered, small fragments shatthered,

From rocks such as geology describes,

While ringed in orther, or hang up wid cord are

Poles, spikes an' spear-heads of the Indian thrillog.

To the "Waat is it," we ped a visit,

A craythur very amiable an' cute,

In hue and figger very like a nigger

That had gone in and cum out through a flute.

Who e'er saw babies like the "What-can-they-be's?"

I hope that mine will ne'er be such a sight :

A two-headed babby must be awful gabby,

An' I don't like to be disturbed at night.

There, sight uncommon, a lovely woman
 Has hair meandherin' down onto her heels.
 There, in *acquarias*, is fishes various,
 Bass, pike an' thrount an' ivery kind of eels,
 Some deeply shwimmin' an' others skimmin'
 The waveless surface ov the wather clear ;
 Big fishes follerin' an' sometimes swallerin'
 Such little fishes as perchance comes near.
 Sez I "be thundher!" as I watched, wid wondher,
 Their curious capers, through their glassy wall,
 "Me playful fishes, if I had me wishes,
 I'd make a chowdher, of ye great and small."
 We passed some shtriictures upon the pictures
 Of famous pickpockets, some nine or ten,
 Not without pity for to think this city
 Has lost, in them, some right good Councilmen.
 All kinds o' villins, here for two shillins,
 Wid kings and imperors ye do behold ;
 Emanuel Victor, likewise the *boa constrictor*,
 An' the say-horse that's lookin' very old.
 But onward walkin' I heerd loud talkin',
 And seed a parson sittin' on a thrunk ;
 Of zeal the pictur' while he gave a lecture
 To the Livin' Skeleton for gettin' dhrunk.
 But nayburs, nayburs, I'm tired, be jabers,
 I could'nt tell ye all that I seed theie—
 I seed Jack Shepard and the camel leopard,
 The huge gorilla, and the grizzly bear.
 But I must pause now, my friends, because now,
 Ere I'd get through the night would be passed by
 This subjeck pleasant, we'll waive for the present,
 "So pass the whisky, for I'm mighty dhryst."*

 HANS KLEIN.

YOUNG Hans Klein was a bar-boy fine,
 In a Ewen street beer saloon,
 But the war coming on, in "'Sixty-one,"
 He enlisted—I think, in June.
 Honor's place he sought. *He was not bought—*
 No substitute he. It appears,

* The concluding line is not claimed as original. I think it occurs in one of the Ingoldsby pieces. It is doubtful if it was original there either. I think I have often heard it before.

None braver was reckoned in the Fifty-Second
 New York State Volunteers,
 Than Young Hans Klein,
 The bar-boy fine,
 The boy of soul and honor.

Young Hans Klein loved a maid divine,
 And ere, to the war, he did hie,
 He bought ear-rings two, set with gems of blue,
 For her to remember him by.
 He sought for her a photographer,
 And was "taken," a soldier bold ;
 And the picture to wear on her breast so fair,
 He had rimmed with with what shone like gold.
 Young Hans Klein,
 The bar-boy fine,
 The boy of soul and honor.

With his regiment, to the war he went,
 And he fought "mit Siegel" too ;
 But, while Hans down South, faced the cannon's mouth
 Katrina at home was untrue.
 And to him came word, of what had occurred,
 And poor Hans was grieved to the soul,
 And a letter did send to an intimate friend,
 In the street called Meserole.
 Young Hans Klein,
 The bar-boy fine,
 The boy of soul an l honor.

The letter ran—"As soon as you can,
 To the false Katrina go,
 And get back the ear-rings and the other things,
 I gave her not long ago."
 The name, I think, of the friend was Schenck,
 And he went, at poor Hans' request.
 "Katerina" said he, "you veel geef to me
 Dese geefts off mine frient. It ish pest.
 Mine frient Hans Klein,
 De par-poy fine
 De poy of soul unt honor."

Katrina looked mad. "Dese geefts I've had,
 But Hans was scarce gone, when, slack,
 De rings, I wash told, were made of gold,
 Dey become most suprisingly black.

De locket too, took anoder hue,
 Unt my heart, too (wash it strange ?)
 When dis schange I do see, in vat he geef me
 Did also begin to schange,
 Towards de young Hans Klein
 De par-poy fine,
 De poy of soul unt honor."

She then told Schenck where the offerings were,
 And he paid her for tickets twain ;
 For the goods were in "pop" at a pawnbroker's shop,
 And he went there to get them again.
 The ear-rings, alas, had turned into brass
 An'l the locket, too, looked very queer,
 And the man whose phiz, it now compasses, is
 A big brewer of lager beer,
 Not the phiz of Hans Klein,
 The bar-boy fine,
 The boy of soul and honor.

Schenck took back the rings and the other things,
 And he wrote to Hans Klein that night.
 And Hans Klein, when he read what Katrina said
 And how of his gifts she made light,
 He was first very sad, and he then got mad
 And fell down after he ran
 To the fight's hottest part, with twelve balls in his heart.
 Like—a patriotic man,
 Did the young Hans Klein
 The bar-boy fine
 The boy of soul and honor.

" WHERE HAS THE BUTCHER GONE, SONNY?"

THE meat hooks all are empty in the large and lonesome stall,
 Nor more the uplifted cleaver on the block is heard to fall.
 Mrs. Grub comes with her basket—(once a week she's wont to
 treat
 Her much enduring boarders to the luxury of meat)
 She looks on the deserted place and then, in huge surprise,
 She says " Wall—neow—Lor' bless me!" (and she opens wide
 her eyes,)
 " Much I wonder if I'm dreaming, or 'tis real what I look on.
 Can it be that the pork butcher who stopped here is dead and
 gone?"

And she calls a little ragged boy—"Ho! sonny, tell me true,
What number has the butcher who lived hereabouts moved to?"
And she thinks the boy will tell her, but the artful urchin won't :
For he thinks she wants to "sell him," and he answers—"No ye
deon't."

THE BULL CHASE IN GREENPOINT.

(Sept. 6th, 1867, 3 P. M.)

THROUGH Union avenue there passed in lightning-like career,
With low-held horns and foaming mouth, a fierce and frantic
steer.

Way for the raging "animile!" ye children in the street!
Way for the raging "animile" advancing on ye fleet!
The children fly (and so do I.) Ho! hunters famed in song,
Dotten, and Lent and Debevoise, why tarry ye so long?
Not now we note, or dog or goat; no trivial game is here:
Come forth, come forth, ye merry men, and chase the bounding
steer.

Forth came the valiant hunters against the furious brute.
And many a valiant citizen too, joined in the pursuit.
Far, far down Union avenue they chase him many a rood:
His large eye burns! But hold, he turns; pursuers are pursued.
See, near the beast, a citizen already quickly draw
And offer him some hay; but he, for hay don't care a straw.
He heeded not the pound that in the distance darkly frowns:
Down go to earth five citizens, and *up* goes Mr. *Duttons*.
That *Kings* are hedged about by no divinity, 'tis clear:
For one, at all events, is floored by that confounded steer.
"Quick, bring a rope of stoutest hemp!" The rope is brought
at last,

And deftly o'er and round the horns the artful noose is passed.
The rope they fasten to a cart (the cart before the steer),
And the steer don't drag along the cart, but the dragged cart
drags the steer.
Huzza! well done!—he's in the pound; brave citizens rejoice,
And pledge, in foam-crowned bumpers, Dotten, Lent and
Debevoise.

CLAM-ANT IN EREMO.

(Feb'y 12th, 1868.)

A merry party, yesterday, as any you could raise,
Went from the 'Burgh to Whitestone Beach, in two well-ordered
sleighs.

They carried with them spades and shovels, Bourbon, bread and hams.
 And wherefore, prithee, did they go? They went to gather clams.
 But when they came to Whitestone Beach, as come they did at last,
 They found they could get "nary clam," they were frozen down so fast.
 They sought the unattainable till all around grew dark,
 And the lean dogs at Whitestone Beach, kept up an endless bark.
 Back to the 'burgh in hope's frustration, then they came and cried:
 "Curst be the beach where dogs are loose, and only clams are tied!"

THE RECONCILIATION.

JULIA, wife of Barney Lyon,
 Sat within her bed-room, crying,
 Crying all the weary day;
 Barney, Barney, cruel Barney
 Who had won her heart with blarney,
 Suddenly had gone away.
 Down her cheeks, of tears, a *meth'er*,*
 Not to be repressed, there came,
 Fast as rain in April weather,
 And she slapped her hands together,
 Calling on her Barney's name.
 "Barney, Barney, cruel Barney,
 Why did I believe yer blarney?"
 While the hapless Mrs. Lyon,
 Counting o'er a pile of "tin,"
 Sat within her bed-room crying,
 Mrs. Caliban came in.
 "Mrs. Lyon, wherefore cryin',
 What's the matther here to-day?"
 "Och, don't ax me," Julia answered—
 "Sure me Barney's gone away;"
 And again, of tears a meth'er
 Not to be repressed, there came,
 Fast as rain in April weather,
 And she slapped her hands together,
 Calling on her Barney's name.

* *Anglice—firkin.*

“Barney, Barney, cruel Barney,
Why did I believe yer blarney?”

“What,” said Mrs. Caliban.

“And is Barney such a man?

Sure ye won’t be aither sayin’,

What ye’ve tould me now is threue!”

To and fro, her body swaying,

Mrs. Lyon sobbed — “I do —

Boh-hoo, boh-hoo, an’ *wirra-sthrue*.”

Mrs. Caliban mildly queried :

“Did he take the money too?”

“No, my dear, I had it hid;

I secured it—well I did;

For, being thrown out of employmint,
Barney, bint on high enjoymint,

Axed to have the cash to-day,
And, bekase I would not let him,

Wirra-sthrue, he’s gone away.

Och, I fear he’ll dhrive me crazy!”

“Nothing, Julia, ov the soort,
Do not be, the laist, onaisy ;

Go to Justice Dailey’s Coort.

Stop, O. stop that briny torrent!

Faith, it aint meself would weep.
State yer case, and get a warrant,

Yank McGlynn will sarve it cheap.”

Julia quickly lulled her sorrow

And put by her hoarded *tin*,
Sought the Judge, and on the morrow,

Barney’s captured by McGlynn,
Who, while Julia dressed most gaily,

Followed leisurely behind,
Brought him before Justice Dailey,

And, within the “eage,” confined.

There, in front, sat Justice Dailey,

Warrants all before him spread ;

Near him, scamps they call reporters

Working for their *Daily Bread*,

Bothering courteous Mr. Brown,

While they take their items down.

“Barney Lyon,” said the Justice,

(Barney thought himself a “gonner”)

“Barney Lyon!”—Barney trembled,

As he answered, “Here, yer honner,”

And the cage being then unbarred
By our ancient friend Guischarde,
Barney stands, afraid to budge,
In the presence of the Judge.
His accuser stands before him,
And he feels a chill come o'er him.
The Justice read the warrant and then said,
" What say you, Barney, to the charge here made,
That you've abandoned and do now neglect
The wife you've sworn to cherish and protect ?
Julia.—In throth it's so.
Justice.— Be quiet, madam, do.
Barney.—Judge, darlint, don't believe her ; it's not
thru ;
But if your honor will just hear me out,
I'll tell ye how the thrubble kem about.
Justice.—Go on ; be brief.
Barney.— I will and thank ye, Judge.
Julia.—Oh Misther Dailey don't believe his fudge.
Barney.—I sez to Julia, quietly, sez I,
Julia, I'm out o' work. Hard times is nigh."
" That's thru," sez she ; sez I " 'twas well I gave
So much of what I've earned to you to save."
Wid that she up and sez " I've not yer pelf,
What cash I have 's belonging to meself."
(I kept me temper, tho' 'twas bilin' o'er),
" I'm go'ing," said she, " to keep a fancy store—
Sell thread and needles"—" Very good," sez I.
You're edikated, an 'ts no harm to thy ;
But av all kinds o' business I suggest,
A little grocery store would answer best ;
For, in a grocery store, ye undherst ind.
Myself occasionally could lind a hand ;
As there's no need of bein' over nate
In sellin' praties, cabbages and mate.
And what remained unpurchased on our shelves,
Ye see, me darlint, we could ate ourselves."
It would not do ; she'd have the fancy store
Whether I pleased or not, and then I swore,
And she gits ravin' mad at what I said,
And takes the feather pillow from the bed —
Laves nothing, even to a spool of thread —
And off she goes. Just see how well she's dressed ;
These tattered clothes I've on, judge, is my best

To see her flaunt in satins pains me soul
While I must work in rags and put in coal.

Julia.—He has good clothes, Judge! there he's incorrect :
He puts those rags on only for effect.

Barney.—Julia, don't think I blame ye, do ye hear?
You're good ; but you have bad advisers, dear.

But I've no help : come back again, I say,
And you'll be welcome as the flowers o' May.

Justice.—Why, woman, did you marry with this man?

Julia.—That he might support me, Judge, I ran
The hazard, not for love.

Justice.— 'Tis plain to you,
He has no means. Now what am I to do?

If you still press the charge, he won't get bail
And I must send him to the County Jail.

Julia.—O Judge, for worlds I would not send him there :
Barney's not bad, he's only sometimes quahare.

Justice.—Then, as I understand, you don't insist
And therefore I declare the case dismissed.

S T R A N D E D .

(July 4th, 1868.)

YESTERDAY morn, they left the 'Borgh, a party numbering six,
All of them jolly German men, with bait and fishing sticks.
They took the cars in South-seventh street, with sinkers and w' th
cork,

And paused at Simonson's awhile, this side of East New York!
They took the dummy engine train to seek Jamaica Bay,
And into the mead and forest land right joyous plunged away.
The names of the "merrie companie," Muse, tell us, if you will,
Bearns, Bovers, Astrop, Fad' lea, Ring, and Tonjes of the mill.
They stopped at Bay View House awhile, and thence they sailed
away—

With well-filled sails and well-filled hopes—into Jamaica Bay.

"Ill luck, ill luck ; by Jove, we're stuck," our friend Fred.
Bovers cries,

Phaselus ille quem videtis, on a mud bank lies.

Spoiled is the sport. The crew get out and toil and toil in vain.
To carry the craft that carried them, and get her afloat again.

"Run up the flag!" The flag ran up, as squirrel up a tree,
And speedily came the Boardman down to set the captives free.
The Boardman took them safe ashore, and they were heard to say,
"We've toiled all day and caught no fish. Farewell, Jamaica Bay."

FORGOT TO COME BACK.

(Sept. 30th, 1868.)

AT 2 P. M., on Saturday, there came, in coat of blue,
 To Hamilton's Fourth street hostelrie, a youth of twenty-two ;
 Of visage fair, and sandy hair, he seemed of gentle strain,
 But sad withal, so sad that to behold him, gave one pain.
 "Lend me thy horse and wagon, friend, that I, at once, may drive
 Away to Calvary Cemetery, and I'll be back by "five."
 In mournful mood I now would seek, amidst its gloomy bowers,
 The lowly couch of one, once dear, and strew it o'er with
 flowers."
 A tear stole down the young man's cheek, and Hamilton's heart
 felt sad,
 And he, of horses and wagons, lent the very best he had.
 Slowly the young man drove away at a funereal pace.
 And 5 o'clock arrived, but did not bring the young man's face.
 Still Hamilton waits in his hostelrie, though his hopes are far
 from strong,
 That the fair-complexioned, sorrowful chap will be back again ere
 long.

THE GOOSE MARCH ON BEDFORD AVENUE.

(Aug. 12, 1868.)

FROM Hooper street, last evening, marched, of geese, some forty-
 two,
 And kept their line in order fine, as crack militia do.
 They marched not of their own free will, but as a captive band,
 A sturdy Ethiopian being the general in command.
 Before him went the poultry, all down Bedford Avenue,
 While he waved aloft a cudgel and cried now and then "Shoo!
 shoo!"
 Hurry on, brave Ethiopian ; hear the sounds the zephyrs bear !
 See the dust that's raised by women and by children in the rear !
 Rich is the Avenue in sights most fair to look upon,
 And none of them more glorious than the grand church of St.
 John.
 But heed not, heed not, at this moment, sights, howe'er sublime,
 For if you do, I do not think you'll reach the pound in time.
 Too late, too late. The crowd already closes on his rear,
 And a big female fist is firmly anchored in his hair.
 "Fly to the front and turn the line," Penthesilea cries--
 Forth to the front with that intent a little urchin flies.
 Lo ! from the Amazonian clutch, the Ethiop breaks away !

Stand from before his battle mace, else ye shall rue the day.
 "Baughn to the rescue!" rose the cry, and a brave knight was seen
 Rushing from yonder quiet "shades," the combatants between.
 His squire too rushed amid the strife; both, though they had no swords,
 Champions self-offered then and there, of those who owned the birds.
 Down sank the club a moment, and with tumult and loud din,
 While held the Ethiop's hands the knight, the angry crowd closed in.
 Alas, just then a Geraldine, disguised as an M. P.,
 Came up, and all again became as calm as calm could be.
 The Ethiop to the goose pound then continued on his way,
 With all the birds but one, whose neck was fractured in the fray.

HOW DOBSON PAID HIS BOARD.

THERE came to Mr. Holt's *pension*, a day or two ago,
 A youth whose mode and mien evinced the *sentiment de beau*.
 He asked to have a room and board, and did not ask in vain;
 For one of his address and dress—to ask was to obtain.
 The name he gave was Dobson. He referred to certain firms,
 And all things being suitable, they closed upon the terms.
 While seated in the parlor, Dobson felt the hours move slow;
 As he heard the noise of sharpening knives come from the realms below.
 At last! at last! suspense is past! Loud sounds the joyous gong!
 And, one by one, and two by two, downstairs the boarders throng.
 And Dobson there, so debonair, among the rest is placed;
 He's serve i as well as seated; but he eats with shocking haste.
 His jaws are filled; his eyes protrude; nor does he heed who stares.
 He's through ahead of all the rest, and, rising, darts up stairs.
 And now the other guests have dined—fair dames and gallant men—
 And, one by one, and two by two, they go up stairs again.
 "Ho! waiter, where's my overcoat?" I hear a boarder cry;
 "Ho! waiter, where is *mine*?" exclaims another, standing by,
 "Ho! waiter, where is Dobson?" said the host of the *chateau*.
 The waiter said, "An' sure he left just half an hour ago."

SONG OF A SEWING MACHINE.

(July 26, 1869.)

'TWAS a good machine for sewing either gusset, seam or band,
Which Count Rudolph chanced to meet with, and he bought it
second-hand—

Bought it for the merest trifle at an auction in New York,
For the *penchant* of his lady fair was one for needle-work.
Joyous-hearted was that lady at the purchase Rudolph made,
And she boasted (she had reason) of her husband's skill in trade.
"Little said is easy mended." Better had they spoken less.
Came a message the next morning by the Williamsburgh Express.
Stating that the "chattel mortgage upon the machine was due—
He must come and pay subscriber, or he'd be compelled to
sue."

Well, of this he knew the purport. It was dated Try-On-Rox,
And a well-known slyster's signature was legible below.
Rudolph, gay and pleasant yesterday, to-day is dull and grave,
And feels he's been the victim of a veritable "shave."
Off he goes and sees the lawyer; lawyer bids him go to—Well,
We won't repeat the utterance; but the mortgage was a "sell"—
A sell which Rudolph's friends got up to laugh at Rudolph's cost
Of time and some Limburger cheese which, coming home, he
lost.

CALLED FOR THE CLOTHES.

In the afternoon of yesterday, a colored man was seen
Of more than common magnitude, to visit Mr. Dean.
The door is oped. The negro's face with seeming kindness
glows,
And to the servant girl, he says—"Chile, Missus wants de
clothes."
The girl, mistrusting nothing wrong then passed the linen forth,
A great heap in a basket, fully forty dollars worth.
And the fellow in the distance "mizzled" fast and far away;
And the colored washerwoman came and asked "what clothes to-
day?"
And the servant up and told her that her husband had been
there
And had got the clothes already, and a goodly pile they were.
"Lor bless ye, chile, I has no man as everybody knows,
The great big, thievin' scoundrel, he hab fleeced you ob your
clothes."

AN INCIDENT OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

ON the second day of the latter Bull Run,

I saw four soldiers sadly

Carrying another "son of a gun"

Who appeared to be wounded badly.

Nimbly towards the rear they went,

Though the blanket was heavily loaded,

When a screeching shell from a distance sent,

Rightover their heads exploded!

The four, at once, relaxed their hold;

For it wasn't a time to be hampered.

Down on the ground their burden rolled,

And off like hares they scampered.

But what became of the wounded man?

Was that a way to treat him?

Lor' bless you, he, too, jumped up and ran

And, darned, if he didn't beat them.

— — —

THE MAGIC LANTERN.

(At the Fair of Bedford Avenue Reformed Church.)

(Dec. 1870.)

WONDERFUL affair!

On a canvass sheet,

Pictures rich and rare,

Come and vanish fleet.

Here's an ancient manse,

(Home of titled ease)

There a lake's expanse,

Sparkles through the trees.

Presto! they are gone!

Here's a fearful pother—

One of two "made one"

Walloping the other.

Lo! another change!

Here's a man that's hurt ill

Cursed with visions strange—

All from eating turtle.

Who says "dance you can't;

'Tis against the rule?"

There's an elephant

Dancing a *pas seul*.

But his stay is short,
 In less than a minute
 Here's a bottle (quart)
 And a Porter in it.
 Wonderful affair !
 Doubtless full of magic,
 Making visions rare,
 Comical and tragic.

A BELL-RINGER'S DREAM.

Up in the tower, next-door to the sky,
 Sleep came over the bell-ringer's eye,
 And the bell-ringer nodded, and presently snored,
 With his hand *en rapport* with the great bell cord.
 Ha ! he dreams there's a fire, and gives a yell,
 And wakens the great, big, thundering bell.
 A ding and a dong are distinctly reckoned
 And firemen are hurrying away to "The Second."
 Away they hurry ! collision and crash !
 Old Thirteen's Engine is knocked to smash !
 But where is the fire ? Not one can tell—
 Not even the man who rang the bell.
 Closed in sleep is his drowsy eye
 Up in the tower, next-door to the sky.

A PIPE LAY.

HE came from Hesse Darmstadt, a man of fair address,
 With meerschaum pipes, of costly mould, a million—more or
 less ;
 Not fairer foam-born Venus looked, to captivate the soul,
 Than graceful undines carved around each pipe's capacious bowl.
 The ocean crossed, New York was reached—the pipes were
 placed in bond,
 The merchant, for the duties, had not wherewith to respond.
 What should he do ? Confound them ! In perplexity and doubt
 He sought a diamond merchant whom he knew, to "help him
 out."
 The man of diamonds paid the dues ; the pipes were then with-
 drawn—
 The diamond merchant holding them—to save himself—in pawn.
 Time quickly passed away. About a month ago or more
 A stranger came on business to the diamond merchant's store.

“Vell, vell; vat do you vants mit me?” His eye the stranger
wipes,

And says: “I’ve found a customer to purchase all your pipes.”

“Mein Gott! you do not tell me so. Vell, now, then, go ahead;
You take de pipes and seal them, and I’ll see you amply paid.”

The stranger took the pipes and said: “Of that pray have no
fear;

Ere ten diurnal turns of earth, again will I be here.”

Time quickly passed along; but never, never from that day,
Has the diamond merchant looked upon his pipes or on the pay.

‘Tis said for Hesse Darmstadt sails a man of fair address,
With meerschaum pipes, of costly mould, a million, more or less.

CARL ANSCHUTZ AND THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

A BALLAD OF COBLENZ.*

“HERE Anschutz,” said the King, whose face a bland expression
wore,

As he proffered a gold medal—fifty thalers worth or more—

“Take this medal. Higher none than thou in our opinion ranks.”

Anschutz bowing took the medal and returned the King his
thanks.

The King rose up and went his way. Carl Anschutz and his
friends

Sit merrily together at a *Wirthshaus* near Coblenz.

Carl held the medal up and said—“See fifty thalers here;

We’ll pledge the King to its full worth in Rhenish and in beer,”

They had a merry time of it. The noble wine went round,

And, oft and oft, the goblet to the monarch’s health was crowned.

And merry songs of students all around were heard to swell,

And mingle with the airs that fanned the Rhine and the Moselle.

Some time after, came Carl Anschutz to the Court and saw the
King,

Who welcomed him as cordially as nature doth the Spring.

“Ho, Anschutz, where’s your medal? Lost or carried off by
stealth?”

“May it please you, sire,” he answered up, “we drank it to your
health.”

The monarch, thereupon, his shoulder very gently seized,
And very gently shook him, but was not too much displeased.

* Perhaps in apology for Carl, it may be said that he was at the time of the
occurrence here alluded to, a young student and a revolutionist.

WHISKEY IN COLUMBIA COUNTY.

(August 1st, 1871.)

THIS is the tale of one George Vale,
 A man of liberal bounty,
 Who, for over a week, has been to seek
 Fresh air in Columbia County.

There lives his brother, and with him and another,
 George went from objects mural,
 In a wagon or shay, to spend the day
 Amid scenery "truly rural."

But going along they soon grew dry ;
 For the dust in the road was frisky,
 And they did sigh for a glass of rye,
 Or some old Kentucky whiskey.

"Ho ! here's a place," with brightening face,
 One exclaimed, as an inn he sighted.
 "That's so ; ho, ho !" and the horse went slow—
 Then paused, as they all alighted.

Into the hostel the trio passed,
 From the fiery sun of summer,
 And in front of the bar, with quid and cigar,
 Sat many an ancient bummer.

"Come up to the bar ?" said the generous Vale,
 (He meant to treat the whole of them);
 And some took whiskey, and some took ale.
 Did any say nay ? Not a soul of them.

But George took note that the whiskey poured,
 Was a curious, colorless fluid;
 And he thought he'd see "how the old thing worked,"
 Ere trying himself to do it.

Well, two of the bummers drank it down,
 And George looked up in their faces;
 And made up his mind it was'nt "sound,"
 They made such strange grimaces.

Into the sawdust he emptied his glass,
 (No bummer observed the disaster);
 And he called his dog saying, "lick up that,"
 And the dog obeyed his master.

Poor dog ! man's friend most fast and firm,
 Fidelity's truest martyr;
 At once he keeled over, gave a squirm,
 And was dead in two minutes "arter."

AN INCIDENT OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

AIR—*Mother may I go out to swim?*

EXCELLENT ale is Taylor's ale;

It sparkles in the glasses;
(One Alderman says it is cheaper far,
And better to taste than Bass's)

John Kinsley is Taylor's agent here,
And John has a horse and wagon,
With which he carries it far and near,
In barrel, cask and flagon.

John has a range of custom wide,
In the city's various sections:
And oft has to leave the horse outside,
While "he's in, to make collections."

And so it happened on Patrick's Day,
John about on a trip departing,
Stepped in with a friend who came his way,
For a bumper of ale ere starting.

The horse outside impatient grew;
He heard the drums a-drumming;
He heard the notes the bugles blew,
And he knew the procession was coming.

And the procession very soon,
Its length was seen to drag on;
And moving in it were seen anon,
John Kinsley's horse and wagon.

At last, a Fourth street officer,
Perceiving the situation,
Took the gallant steed a prisoner,
Away to the Fourth street Station.

No place for the steed was there to see,
(For the cells held many a sinner;)
So they took him to Hamilton's hostelry,
Where he had his St. Patrick's dinner!

TALE OF A DUCK.

(Oct. 31st, 1871.)

IN the street we call Delancey, in the City called New York,
Lives a good and worthy citizen, who gains his bread by work,
And he had a duck he valued more, than all the fowl on earth,
And the duck was such a pet that it would waddle round the
hearth.

Pleasant was it in the evening, when from business he came back,
To see it flirt its wings for joy, and hear its "quack, quack,
quack."

One eve howe'er he missed it ; he missed the welcome sound ;
In vain to find his darling duck, he looked and looked around.
He searched all the front parlor ; he searched the basement back,
But saw no fluttering pinion, and heard no "quack, quack,
quack,"

"Ha!" thought he, "now I have it, I now know where to look,
That poultry dealer hereabout has my abducted duck."

Just then came up McD-v-tt, of the North side, Eastern D.,
And he straight besought his counsel in his "extremite."

Fired with a generous motive flashed the brave McD-v-tt's eye,
"I'll bring you back that duck" he said, "I'll do it or I'll die."
Change we the the scene. That afternoon at half-past four o'clock,
At a chicken butcher's door there came a most ungentle knock,
The butcher oped the door, and of the stranger, quick glance took
"Detective Sir, (my shield you see) I want to find a duck."

Into the hall the stranger passed unbid ; for somewhere back,
He thought he heard (or was 't the wind?) a kind of "quack,
quack, quack."

He did not find the bird howe'er, in the place whence came the
sound,

And hurrying upstairs quickly, he was looking round and round.
Suddenly there was a racket, and a turmoil and a clamor.

In rushed the poultcer, and wildly waved a ponderous hammer,
In rushed the wife of the poultcer with iron tongs in hand!

Where was the chance for any man against such odds to stand ?
With one big leap McD v-tt cleared two flights of stairs and fled,
And never stopped till he reached home, undressed and went to
bed.

Next morn he had a fever, and his face grew blue and black,
And when he raved as rave he did, he said "quack, quack,
quack."

THE YACHT BERTHA.

DEDICATED TO THE O. Y. C. (September 14th, 1870.)

A trim little yacht is the Bertha, a trim little yacht is she,
Oft tempest-tossed and once nigh lost, she wrestles with the sea.
Grand sight to see her captain—her captain and her crew !
A braver set were never yet, by waves wet through and through,
With a dip and a dash to leeward, the Bertha springs away,
Like an uncaged bird or a charger spurned, and over us breaks
the spray !

A braver crew or captain, no yacht had ever to boast.
 They sailed away, all night and day, along New Jersey's Coast—
 Along New Jersey's Coast, my boys, whose looks do so forbid.
 It was their wish to capture fish, and capture fish they did!
 But it was no fish whose rank is, sooth, but low in the fishy scale;
 Far better fate did them await—by Jove, they hooked a whale!

THE WOOD MUSKETEERS.

(Nov. 30th, 1870.)

In long array we march to-day, brave men of various sizes.
 First comes the band, with music grand, and then come friends
 with prizes.
 Next, rank and file, (length half a mile) we tread with measured
 paces,
 And last, an Ethiopian comes, with target and grimaces.
 Our marching may not be the best e'er witnessed, but the fact is
 We base our claim to merit but on skill in target practice!
 All other armies to their foes, "much hurt and mischief" offer,
 But, when we valiant men, go forth, it is our friends who suffer,
 Put here your ware, we do not care, we'll take the smallest item,
 From fifty cents to fifty V's. Be sure we'll never slight 'em.
 Bear on the bag that holds the swag, may prizes fresh enlarge it,
 Till we, at length, are all prepared, to perforate the target!
 We're brave and good, we go for Wood, and bow to his direction;
 These votes will tell extremely well, you bet, at next election.

THE GREEN RANGERS.

(Oct. 31st, 1860.)

GLORIOUS military airs (That band is Martin Mayer's.)
 Make the morning air to vibrate with the sound of fife and drum,
 And to window and to door, crowd the people to secure
 Each an excellent position to behold them when they come.
 Behold whom?

The Green Rangers. How I wonder, sir, to hear you ask me
 whom.
 Here they are in motley clad, some lugubrious and sad—
 Some with coats that are like Joseph's, and with none at all, a few;
 Men with waistcoats made of tin; men with noses red with gin,
 Men with pants they might let lodgings in, hats each enough for
 two.

Red, White and Blue,
 And every other color in their dresses meet our view.

"Clear a passage! clear a passage!" and at once descends a sausage,

On the jaw of an encroacher on the shaky line of march;

For a vigilant policeman is attendant upon these men,

His face being raddled over and his collar stiff with starch,

He's like a pine or larch.

'Tis a caution, sir, I tell you, how he clears the line of march.

Oh! what prizes! cabbage splendid as ever was intended

For the palace of a queen, sir, or an Albert Ruland "spread,"

And an Ethiopian last, comes with target which is vast,

And a strong predisposition of shirt collar to the head.

All are led

By gallant captain Dauler, who is marching at their head.

Off to Elm Park, Staten Island, they are going, where on dry land

They'll perforate the target fair with many a rifle ball,

And they're "shots" by whom you'd swear—(for O'Connell's men
are there),

And they don't think twenty paces, sir, as any range at all.

Luck befall

The jubilant Green Rangers; may "first prizes" come to all.

THE SUPPER IN THESSALY.

There was—'tis Lucian who tells of it—

Whilere, a supper in Thessaly

Given by old ocean's deity.

Many were those he invited there;

Eris, however—he slighted her,

And when the joy and festivity

Highest appeared in the banquet hall,

Into it Gris clandestinely,

Threw something golden and globular.

That was the ball that killed harmony.

So to this day we experience it.

When is a party so powerful,

When so attached and affectionate,

Cold is unable to ruin it?

Epigrams.*

ON THE BURNING OF THE CITY HALL CUPOLA, NEW YORK.
(August 17th, 1858.)

ONCE more and JUSTICE,† having long time borne
The *insults* that to her were daily given—
Fired at the last, throws down her scales in scorn,
Wraps her in *smoke* and mounts the wind for heaven.

ON ONE WHO WRITES WICKED EPIGRAMS AND THEN CONCEALS
HIMSELF BEHIND A FILE OF ASTERISKS.

HE who speaks truth, has very often need
To fortify himself with vizor-bars.
Thou shouldst have chosen “daggers;” for, indeed,
Who now can trust, for safety, to “the stars?”‡

AN ASTRONOMICAL ARGUMENT.

“THY will be done on earth as ‘tis in heaven,”
We by the Saviour have been taught to say,
And shall we travel but six days in seven,
When heavenly bodies travel *every* day?

AN OLD LADY BOASTS THAT SHE MOVES IN FASHIONABLE CIRCLES.

OF that, my lady, there can be no doubt ;
You’ve always done so—since the hoops came out.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN INK-BOTTLE.

BEHOLD in me with stagnant fluid fraught,
The Chaos dark of uncreated Thought.

AN OLD RIDDLE ANSWERED.

(Sept. 29, 1864.)

“IN the garden was laid
A most beautiful maid
As soft as May-day morn ;
She was a wife
The first night of her life,
And she died before she was born.”

* These Epigrams were contributed to several papers, including *N. Y. Evening Post*, &c., between the years 1853 and 1872.

† A Statue on the Cupola.

‡ Police, then so called.

DEAR SIR :

That riddle is not very new :
 I heard it years ago as well as you ;
 Nor had I then much trouble to perceive
 That the fair dame described therein was—EVE.
 A DAM(N) was of all mortal men the first,
 So named because by him the rest got cursed.
 He was EVE's husband, made of clay alone ;
 But she herself was fashioned out of bone.
 (Which being the case it must one's mind perplex
 To guess why woman's called the softer sex.)
 They lived through their primeval shine and rain,
 And spent some years, 'tis said, in raising Cain,
 And Cain, we all know raised —. But I've no time
 To say more now. Besides I'm out of rhyme.
 Please have this printed. 'Tis to please a lady.

Yours, with profound respect, O'NEIL O'GRADY.

—
 A RIDDLE, WHICH HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED,
 WE are only four and small, yet the elements all
 Own the power that we wield in some degree.
 Without us no breeze could blow, no rivulet could flow.
 Nor the wan moon shine down upon the sea.
 We are four. One doth dwell at the furthest end of hell ;
 One, a thousand long years will stand for ;
 One, every man doth own, though you'll find it with none ;
 And the last is the end of the war.

—
 THE DEVIL A “SINE QUA NON.”

WHO made the Devil? Scripture doth not mention ;
 But, you'll admit, he was a bad invention.
 “Hist!” says a grave divine, “don't prattle thus;
 Without him, there would be no need of us.”

—
 THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS drift like Delos, on the sea of Time,
 Once seen and seized not, rarely seen again.
 Long, long has wandered many a thought sublime
 Before 'twas fixed and fastened with a pen.*

* *Quam pius Arcitenens oras et litora circum
 Errantem Myconos celsa Gyarusque revinxit.
 Immotamque colu dedit et contemnere ventos.*—*E. III: 75-77.*

PERSEVERE.

THE rude rock said to the assaulting sea :

“Thee from my height with scorn I contemplate.”
The wild sea only murmured. “That may be,
But may not be forever : I can wait.”

PRÆVALEBIT.

TRUTH conquers. Let men howl. They howled when he,
Who died for all, his last, sad journey trod,
Faltering and fainting, on to Calvary.
To-day, the man they crucified is God.

THE REASON.

AFTER a battle, on the bloody plain
Where dead and wounded lie in many a heap,
’Tis marked, there always falls a shower of rain,
And ’tis no wonder ; do not angels weep ?

ON A PEDANTIC PEDAGOGUE.

AH Tityrus, what is the matter now ?
Last week engaged and *vacuum* to day !
Why sits such sadness on thy classic brow ?
Have Probus’ boys all gone to College, pray ?
Nay, gone they’re not. I left them all last week ;
For, one morn, thinking so to please him well,
I said, “Good Morrow” to their sire in Greek,
And he replied, in English—“*go do well.*”

COINCIDENCES.

WHEN Susan breaks the China, ‘twas the cat
That knocked down this, in jumping up to that.
When Dick reels home after the hour allotted,
His last dime spent ; of course he has been garrotted.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

(Incident of a Political Meeting.)

WHILE listening to the language glowing,
Within the Hall of Washington,
He looked to see if his watch was going,
And was pained to find that his watch was gone.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR ET NOS MUTAMUR.

In the sweet, summer months when the air's pleasant very,
 Me unterrified min call me pleasintly, "Terry;"
 But whin winther comes on, an' there isn't much diggin',
 They show more respeck and say "Misther McGwiggen."

T H E F O G .

(Dec. 10, 1869.)

A quarter after five A. M., to-day,
 I rose to get my usual egg-nogg,
 And found I could not see across the way,
 All things were so enveloped in a fog.
 And it grew thicker with the morn's advance.
 At nine o'clock two Yankees with long heads,
 Went into speculation on the chance,
 And used it up for stuffing feather beds.

TROUBLE IN HEAVEN—EVENING OF JANUARY 30th, 1869.

As we were looking West by North,*
 With thoughts on nothing bent, last even,
 The Queen of Beauty issued forth,
 As from a little door in heaven.
 She seemed in myriad diamonds clad,
 Much brighter than on earth are now sold,
 And walking at her side, she had
 A member of the heavenly household.
 Who might he be? He looked serene,
 And twinkling smiles he shed in plenty.
 Oh favored thus, to Beauty's Queen,
 To act the *cavalier servente*.
 On, side by side, they paced the blue,
 And both we kept our raptured eyes on,
 Till Venus blushed, and lo! the two
 Dropped down behind the dark horizon.
 Again we looked o'er heaven's broad brow,
 And lo, things there foretold disaster!
 Juno was kicking up a row
 Because—she missed her "lord and master."

*NOTE.—The Author is doubtful as to the exact point in the heavens where the stars became visible in their apposition. His uncertainty arises from the want of a pocket-compass and the peculiar situation of the 'Burgh. Every one knows, who has searched titles to property in the 'Burgh, that the variations of the needle have been more frequent here than anywhere else in the United States.

PALMAM QUI MERUIT FERAT.

“A prize for meanness!” with malicious mirth,
Cried Jove Imperial looking down on earth.
The words were heard in Chatham street, New York,
And Hans Von Skinem dropped his knife and fork ;
Old Balls, too, heard it, and off straight he went,
And missed a chance of 25 per cent :
The junkman hears the prize announced, nor lags,
Though an old woman just comes in with rags.
All, from all quarters, one vast concourse, move,
And lay their claims before Imperial Jove.
Just are the God’s decrees. At last, he cries—
“Yon Ferry Company obtains the prize.”

V A L E !

(July 22, 1869.)

FRIEND BOVERS says—“Farewell!” May breezes bland,
Safe waft him Eastward to the Fatherland.
Safe may he go, and safe to us return,
And his tobacco never cease to burn.

AN OWER TRUE TALE.

“TAKE down no notes,” the lecturer said
In accents sweet but somewhat nervous ;
“For when my lecture I’ll have read,
The manuscript is at your service.”
The “local” thanked the lecturer,
Sat out the lecture, not a long one—
Received a scroll, went home and there
Found out, O, Saxe, it was the wrong one.

THE PARISIAN LOVER AND HIS PIGEON.

(Nov. 12, 1870.)

PARISIAN LOVER.

O! carrier pigeon! may thy flight be high,
That bearest to my love this *billet doux* :
And when you sight the Prussians, “mind your eye,”
For they have hawks on the look out for you.

PIGEON.

I’LL try it, master, perilous though it be,
I’ll seek thy lady instantly. If she
Shall not devour thy letter, every word,
Then may the cruel hawk devour thy bird.

THE POOR MAN'S HARVEST.

HUNGRY, despondent, through our streets at even,
 Shovel in hand, his way a poor man trod.
 That night it snowed. Next morn he looked towards Heaven,
 And thanked the silent charity of God.

ON VIEWING T. R. GOULD'S STATUE OF THE "WEST WIND," NOW
 THE PROPERTY OF Hon. DEMAS BARNES.

FIRE, Earth, and Water, deified in stone,
 Make fanned, creative Art, by forms they bear,
 Art's latest triumph is at last made known :
 Our Gould has caught and petrified the Air.

PETITIO PASSERIS.

(Dec. 9, 1871.)

THERE is anger in the air—
 Little shelter anywhere,—
 Not a leaf by bramble borne,
 Blade of grass or stalk of corn.
 Naught but snow where'er we go—
 Snow above us, round us snow.
 Therefore, hearken, we implore;
 Clear a space before your door,
 In which scatter a few crumbs,
 For the sparrow when he comes,
 And His blessing on you all,
 Who regards a sparrow's fall.

LINES.

[*To Charles W. Douglas Esq., on returning a gold pencil borrowed of him at the dinner to L. G. Tilton, Esq., at the St. Nicholas Hotel, February 15, 1872.*]

RAILROAD, Telegraph and Press —
 Praise them much, but praise them less
 Than the little, light utensil,
 Which we mortals call a pencil.
 All upon it are dependent,
 Editor and Superintendent.
 Vain what Telegraph brings nearer,
 If this means don't make it clearer.
 Great the Railroad, great the Press ;
 Great the Telegraph, "I guess,"
 Greater still this frail utensil ;
 Douglass, thank you ; here's your pencil.

ON A BROTHER AND SISTER VERY BEAUTIFUL, BUT THAT EACH
WAS BLIND OF AN EYE.

From the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus.

Acon, of right eye bereft ;
Leonilla, of her left,
Either, for form, would still have odds,
In a contest with the gods.

Boy, that eye which still is thine
To thy sister but resign,
Thou blind Cupid thus wilt be,
And the Queen of Beauty she.

CHRISTOPHER CRUET AND HIS PIPE.

Dedicated to Ludwig Semler, Esq.

BRING me my pipe of *ocean-spray*,
I would cast my cares away.
Call here, call here, some friend if he
Will but smoke a pipe with me—
Some friend with an unfailing store
Of rich, anecdotic lore.
Lo ! the fume, through amber tip,
Owns the mastery of my lip.
Ever changing, past mine eyes,
Rings and spires and curves arise —
Poised but for a moment there—
Float away and turn to air.
They are Mercy's veil unfurled
'Twixt my vision and the world.
Ah, when the days' toils are o'er
And we've latched our humble door,
What more calm, more sweet delight
Than the quiet pipe at night ?
Fill me my pipe of *ocean-spray* :
I would cast my cares away.

Songs, Tolls, &c.

SONG.

Written for, and sung by, Dr. H. P. HARDCastle, on the taking up of the old Liberty Pole, corner of Fourth and South-Second streets, Dec. 13th, 1864.

AIR.—Auld Lang Syne.

WHILE gazing on this hallowed spot, we scarce repress the tears ;
One landmark more has passed away—the pole we've known for years.

How oft we've eyed that shaft with pride, in happy times gone by,

While, at its top, our flag streamed out between us and the sky.

'Tis more than a mere log to us, who honor in a cup,

The memories fond, that it recalls, and theirs who put it up.

Of those who gaily ministered upon that festive day,

Some now are cold, and *some* are old, and *some* are far away.

So fill, fill up ; fill thrice, the cup ; we'll drink three times to-night ;

One cup to those, on whose repose, now breaks no morning light ;

One cup to those who still live on, old, hale, and hearty men,

And *one* to those whom, now remote, we hope to meet again.

May "Zephyrs" ever blandly play about each hallowed tomb,

And, in the Spring time, kindle there, the wild flowers into bloom.

May "Zephyrs," to the old man's cheek, bring life-prolonging health,

And "Zephyrs" waft the wanderers back with glory and with wealth.

SONG.

Written for, and sung by the same, on the same occasion.

AIR.—Ben Bolt.

Don't you remember that jolly old pole

Which lies all so prostrate to-day ?

How it braved the rude tempests and mocked their control

'Till vanquished at last by decay !

In the board-fenced lot, on the corner it lies,

Where some stout men have just dug a hole,

For some one had said, in a casket of lead,

A treasure lay under the pole.

Friend Hiram has purchased the pole for an X,

And, for firing, 'twas cheap at the cost ;

But, along with the stick was the treasure annexed,

That was placed there by honest Jack Frost,

The friends of the pole in its palmier days,
 Messrs. Burroughs and Abbott stand nigh,
 And a stray "Zephyr" too, that still fondly delays
 And "blows" fresh as in moments gone by.

A DITTY OF GREENPOINT.

Written by SAGITTARIUS, and sung with thrilling effect by Mr. PEELEK.
 (Dec. 1, 1868.)

AIR.—"The Last Rose of Summer."

'Tis drill-day to-morrow ;
 We've searched all around,
 But search where we will,
 Not a goat's to be found.
 Where, where can we pounce on
 Some *Nanny* or *Bill*,
 To afford us a seape-goat
 And save us from drill ?

CONEY ISLAND.

(Aug. 29, 1864.)

SOME like the deep, obscure ravine ;
 Some love the sunny highland :
 For me, earth holds no second scene
 Like thine, sweet CONEY ISLAND.
 Oh, let me live one moment there,
 Away from streets so torrid,
 And feel the cool and mellow air
 Upon my cheek and forehead ;
 And I will feel of real joy,
 I' sooth, a fuller measure
 Than father in his first-born boy
 Or miser in his treasure.
 Oh that I had a pair of wings,
 To soar o'er sea and highland,
 How soon i'd leave dull, business things,
 And fly to—CONEY ISLAND.

S O N G.

(Sept. 1, 1870.)

As the night draweth nigh,
 What a sight we behold,
 Where the trees and the sky
 Mingle crimson and gold—

The crimson of leaves,
 Like the glow of the lip,
 And the gold of the sky,
 Like the wine that we sip.
 The wine, to the fair
 And the brave, let us pour,
 While our lips breathe a prayer
 For their weal ever more.

T O A S T .

To-NIGHT we drink a double health, but one to our Captain
 first,
 As we quaff of the vine whose roots the Rhine with kindly
 moisture nurst,
 The second we drink to the Fatherland ; for no nobler fluid
 runs
 Than the juice that's pressed from her hill-side vines or the
 blood in the hearts of her sons.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Dedicated to Capt. M. J. Petry.—(Sept. 29, 1870.)

WELCOME is our darling sister,
 From the far off Fatherland ;
 Who can tell how much we've missed her
 Since she waved her parting hand ?
 But did our affection falter,
 For the leagues of air and spray ?
 It, what chance or change can alter ?
 It, what years can wear away ?
 Sister, to your hands I render
 (Proud I've been the trust to bear),
 All these little charges tender
 You confided to my care.
 Ne'er again can'st thou, dear sister,
 Go from home and loved ones forth.
 Singers, sing the song—“ *In meinem
 Herzen ist der schoenste ort.* ”

Hexameter und Pentameter.

"Im Hexameter steigt des Springpfeils flüssige Säeole
Im Pentameter drauf füllt sie melodisch herab." —

Schiller.

R U R A L.

(June 3, 1864.)

COUCHED on the rank, green grass, in the shade of the river-side alders,

Or, where, in verdant cascades, willows fall blandly around —
Far from the red, brick fronts and the populous streets of the city —

Far from its crimes and its woes ; far from its dust and its din,
Sweet to be lulled into rest by the sound of the querulous waters!
Ah ! but brief time for repose. Duty commands and I go.

BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Soft sleeps the morn's gold light on the long, smooth heave of the ocean.

Far to the right and the left, 'neath the cloud-wrought curtains of heaven,

Ships, little specks in the distance, are slowly and silently moving.

This is the beach. O'er our heart comes a strange irrepressible sadness.

Tumbles the wave on the sand with a sound as of far distant thunder :

Then rushes up to our feet—stops and falls back with a sigh.
We are on board. Now the anchor is raised, and our yach' in an instant,

Quick as a steed to the spur, plunges forward into the billows.
Cleaving the waters we rush with a hiss and a splash to the leeward.

Aura veni! This is life ! Mine be a life on the sea !

IN THE WOODS.

ALL things in in Nature abroad, whether mighty or small, have a meaning.

Sages affect to discern in the fall and renewal of blossoms, Man's resurrection assured, but the leaves that lie dark and discolored,

Thousands on thousands, dispersed through the sunless and echoless forest —

What is the moral they point ? — I am sad, at the thought. To my vision,

Thousands on thousands of leaves that once green in the glory
of summer.
Trembled for joy in the sunshine and sighed to the amorous
breezes,
Are but as dead generations of men. The assurance
Given by the sages is wanting. Here, here are the air and the
sunshine;
Do not despise them to-day, for the leaves will lie scattered to-
morrow.

ROCKAWAY BEACH.

SOMBRE immensity—undulous distance—silent horizon—
Slow-moving motes in the offing—wave-breaking, thundering
fore-ground.

A BIT OF LANDSCAPE.

WHIMPERS the stream, on its way ; from the deep grass sings the
cicada,
Fanned into song by the breeze blowing fresh from the full-blos-
omed orchard.
Hark, from the sycamores dense come the wild bees' musical
murmurs,
Soothing the ear of the toiler whom noon has released, into
slumber.
Forth from a shrubbery of alders, its low walls blushing with
roses,
Coyly a cottage peeps out, at whose door-sill are little ones play-
ing ;
Far out over the shrubbery and over the cottage are uplands—
Over the uplands are seen, azure and silent, the hills.

SAMPLE OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL.

(Æ. I. : 34-45.)

SCARCE were they well out of view of Sicilia, into the ocean,
Going with all sail set and with brass beaks cleaving the billows
When Juno, nursing the sense of a deep-woun led pride in her
bosom,
Thus with herself :—“ And am I to desist from my purpose,
Powerless from shores of Italia, to keep back the King of the
Teueri ?
For that, forsooth, I'm forbid by the fates ? And yet could not
Athene

Burn up the ships of the Greeks, and themselves overwhelm in the ocean,
 All for one crazed man's fault, that of Ajax, the son of Oileus.
 She, even *she*, from the clouds Jove's own swift thunderbolts hurling,
 Scattered their ships all abroad, and with rude winds stirred up the waters.
 Ajax himself breathing flames where the thunderbolt went through his bosom,
 Catching on high in a whirlwind, she dashed on a rock and him aled him."

P E A C E .

RUMBLIES the thunder afar, growing louder, and louder, and louder,
 Pauses. At once with a crash, down come the torrents of rain.
 Over the sea and the land, joint reign hold Darkness and Horror.
 Yet let us be not afraid: wild as the waves be, to-night.
 He who protects us to-night, is Lord o'er the winds and the tempests;
 He, when men trembled for fear, said to the waters "*Be still.*"

WRITTEN ON THE SITE OF THROOP AVENUE CHURCH.

(May 27th, 1867.)

QUIET serene, what a rapture, though but for an instant, to know thee!
 Faint, very faint—we could wish that it only were farther and fainter—
 Sounds, at this distance, the hum of the busy and populous city.
 Twitter of bird in the brambles or meek kine cropping the herbage,
 These would we hear, and these only, while light airs chasing each other,
 Rise on invisible wings, and throughout the long afternoon, tireless,
 Come to us burdened with perfume from thickets of flowery lilaes.

Miscellaneous.

LA DIVINA COMEDIA NUOVA.

A Voice from the Spirit Land.

"Mine Uncle Toby" on the Sanitary Fair.—February, 1864.

IN a dream last night, methought, down to HADES, I was brought,
 And I knew, at once, and recognized MINE UNCLE TOBY there.
 "Friend, well met! What news," he said, "from above?"—I
 answer made.

"An it please you, sir, we're getting up in BROOKLYN and elsewhere,

A Fair,
 To aid our poor, sick soldiers who so need our tender care."

"Right!" quoth he, "they'll *march* no 'more'—(Here I grieve to
 say he swore,

But his eyes with goodness glistened bright and brighter as he
 spoke,)

"Yet good Sir," I said "there's fear, since the *righteous* interfere,
 That, tho' blest in its inception 'twill eventuate in smoke ;

Pious folk
 Have such curious ways of doing good—Oh dear!

There's poor GRUEL, with the dread of "*the next draft*" in his
 head,

Says that *lotteries* are sinful and denounced in Writ Divine,
 And meek CURDS, who lives on whey or "tay" six times a day,
 Signs a protest, be it noticed, against introducing wine,

With a whine—
 (Oh ignorance unchristian!) that no Christian should drink wine."

Anger lightened in his face. "Oh so callous to disgrace,
 So minutely conscientious, while poor soldiers sink and die!
 Much *they* know of Holy Writ ! Little deem they that in it,
 Are high sanction and example for the things they would
 decry ;

You and I,
 Can for "casting lots" show sanction that is holy as 'tis high."

"Ah," said I, "*the Fox and Crane* are about to feast again,
 I am sure I'm at a loss to know what the Committee means,
 In studying their own tastes, not the palates of their guests,
 Making Teutons drink cold water, and poor Jews eat pork and
 beans,

Give us greens,
 Bacon, beef, veal, mutton, anything in fact but pork and beans,"

‘What?’ he answered, ‘are they mad? Things unscriptural and bad!

Banned by MOSES and PYTHAGORAS, each wisest in his day!

I tried them long ago, and the consequence, I know,

Was an earthquake in the stomach. If so be it, stay away,

I say,

If you do not like the mauly-grubs, you’d better stay away!’

‘But, good sir,’ I said, ‘how then, help our poor, sick wounded men?’

Straight, he answered. ‘By a Fair upon the fair and liberal plan.

Now’s the time; at once prepare, let us have the *Laymen’s Fair*,

Summon forthwith every generous, every liberal-minded man,

To the van,

And UNCLE TOBY’s word for it, they’ll answer, to a man!’

More had I besought of him, but the vision all grew dim

Rose the curtain of my dream then on another scene as odd:

‘*Doll, dol doll*’ broke on my ear, and there stood an auctioneer,

As he peered about serenely, yet so keenly for a nod

In a *stylish house of God*.

He was selling pews like *merchandise* and looking for a nod.

Rose the curtain up once more. Far-off hills rose high and hoar;

To the right the Ocean heaved, and in the foreground glowed
the soil.

And the airs that fanned my cheek and my forehead, seemed to
speak:

‘Enter, Man, the only Temple that is worthy of thy God!

Come abroad!’

Leave dim cloisters that discolor and distort the rays from God!

ON THE MARCH.

(February, 21st, 1858.)

HARK to the cymbals! hark to the trumpet! hark to the drum’s
loud beat,

The jingling light of sabre gear and the tramp of horses’ feet!

The troops are on their march at last, and viewing the pageant
rare,

The village children shout for joy, and whirl their caps in air.

But one there is, at a cottage door, who has in their joy, no
part;

For she looks on the passing pageant with a sorrow-laden heart.

The fading sounds that glad *their* hearts, to *her’s* like a death-
bell’s come—

The clash and clang of the cymbals and the swell of trump and drum.

Merrily flaunts in air the plume of yonder young hussar
 Who sends her Parthian kisses as his charger fleets afar.
 He dashes on, and soon is gone ; but still, with fond delay,
 She lingers, till the latest sound of the hoofs, has died away.
 Still she lingers and she listens ; but no more from distance come,
 The clash and the clang of the cymbals, and the swell of trump
 and drum,

And she hears but the quiet tinkle of the brook across the lea,
 Stealing, underneath the cresses, on its journey to the sea.

On the wood, the brook, the cottage, quickly fall the shades of
 night,
 While the distant spire and the upland lawns wear sunset's
 pensive light.

Wends the toiler ever singing, slowly onward where he sees
 The smoke of the village chimnies going up from among the
 trees.

Naught stirs abroad now, save that dreamily across the sky,
 With feebly-waving, weary wings, the rooks to covert fly.

'Tis a festive scene—bright lamps and brighter eyes light up
 the hall,
 And joyous is the music there to which the foot-steps fall.
 O but they tread it merrily ! What ! Mark you you hussar,
 The dame he leads outshining each, as the full moon doth a star ?
 It seems to me, or I misjudge, I've seen his face before,
 As he talked with a little peasant girl outside a cottage door.
 A haughty dame, a laughing dame is she he moves with now ;
 Ah, weak the tenure of the heart that holds him by his vow.

'Tis the scene of a recent battle, and the full moon, round and
 red,

Comes up, in solemn silence, shining dimly on the dead.
 Mute are the drum and trumpet. Lamps are flitting in the plain,
 In hands of those gone forth to seek their friends among the
 slain.

Cold, by his steed, a soldier sleeps, the death-dew on his brow—
 What ! can it be ? Yes, yes, the same ! And where's his partner
 now ?

Ah, ill so soft a dame might brave the chilly evening air,
 Yet, soft as she, a peasant girl is weeping wildly there.

'Tis a summer's eve.—A whimpering brook, coming out from
 a dark wood, flows
 Reverently, by a village church where the village dead repose.

All in that solemn scene is still, but that brook so quietly
 Stealing, underneath the cresses, on its journey to the sea.
 Long ago, of that village spire, we had a distant view.
 Where is the little peasant girl we that time looked on too?
 Seest thou lilies on this new-made grave but recently let fall?
 Beneath them slumbers one who was the lily of them all.

THE CLASSICAL VIEW OF WOMAN.

(December 9th, 1868.)

WHICH are we to accept with unquestioning faith—the statements of generally credited historians, or the mere dogmatic assertions of our local divines? Only recently one reverend gentleman undertook to inform us, despite the recorded and, as yet uncontradicted testimony of even pagan historians, that Christ was not handsome. Still more recently another gentleman astonished us with the information that, in classical antiquity, no chaste and lasting affection was recognized between man and wife.

So far am I from agreeing with the reverend gentleman in this assumption, that I will venture to assert that chastity, in those days was held in higher honor than it is in many Christian countries to-day. How will he reconcile with his dogma, the fact that the very names chastity and virtue are of Roman origin? The word virtue, we know, only acquired its present signification in later times. We know, however, how it came to acquire that signification; valor being regarded as the virtue of man, as chastity and fidelity were regarded as the virtue of woman.

Was it not in ancient Rome that the sanctity of the hearth was first personified in the goddess Vesta, chastity under penalty of death being the condition of those maidens who tended her altar? What combination of ideas is that which is conjured up by the words Roman matron? We know and knowing it, can feel how great the praise conveyed in the words of Cicero, "*Femina matronarum castissima.*"

If Christianity alone has fostered the domestic virtues how is it that a Christian poet (Gray) drew from the following lines of the "irreligious" Lucretius, the materials for one of his sweetest stanzas:—

Non domus accipiet te Itea neque uxor
 Optima, nec dulces, occurrent oscula nati
 Proripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.

(No joyous home shall receive thee, thee shall no admirable wife receive; nor shall darling children vie with each other in snatching kisses and touching thy heart with joy unspoken.)

Even from the profligate Catullus, we could adduce proof, that virtuous married life was admired and revered among the Romans. Virgil says :—

“*Casta pudicitiam servat domus*”

But could the domestic affections have been feeble among people to whom, in the day of battle, their leader appealed most powerfully by reminding them that they fought *pro aris et focis*; well translated by a Christian poet (Halleck) in the line—

“Strike for your altars and your fires.”

If indeed chastity was in such low esteem at Rome, except in the degenerate days of Juvenal, how came the story of Lucretia to be recorded? What was the speech of the centurion Virginius, as given by Livy, when he chose rather to see his daughter dead than dishonored? Why is Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna and the beloved wife of Cæsar, remembered for her virtues? Where, in our boasted modern days, will the reverend gentleman parallel the constancy and affection of Arria?

But let a Roman (Plautus) bear witness as to the regard in which honest Romans of old, held virtuous woman :

“*Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, qua dos dicitur
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatam cupidinem.*

If female virtue was in low esteem at Athens, how is it that the intellectual and accomplished *hetaira* was not admitted to the society of the unaccomplished matron? Why, but because much as learning and genius were esteemed, virtue was esteemed still more highly? Lais and Aspasia were worshipped in their peculiar sphere, but found no welcome in the homes of Athens.

These instances, however, are taken from a period of classical antiquity comparatively recent. It is to the highest classical antiquity I am forced to recur for the grandest argument against the reverend gentleman's assumption, respectfully challenging him to point out, in the whole circle of Christian literature, a nobler exposition of what a truly loving and virtuous wife should be, than that which is to be found recorded in the Iliad. With the touchingly beautiful episode of Hector and Andromache as evidence before him to the contrary, will the gentleman persist in maintaining that in classical antiquity, no chaste and lasting affection was recognized between man and wife?

Christianity no doubt, has done more than any other creed to make woman universally respected, but, unquestionably, the peculiar respect in which woman is held in Christian countries at the present day, had its origin in the religious sentiment intensified to adoration, with which the Virgin Mary was regarded in

early Christian times no less than now ; just as the low esteem in which woman is still held in non-Christian countries, is reasonably connected with traditions of the Fall. "I suppose" said Abd El Kader, while a prisoner in France, observing the respect everywhere shown to women—"it is owing to the Virgin Mary." And the noble savage was not far from the truth. A Christian poet makes the same recognition in other words :

"Creed of my fathers, it was thine to raise,
Her whom all creeds had studied to debase."

In "classical antiquity," however, every virtuous woman was admired and respected, despite the old, injurious tradition, and without reference to any other consideration than her individual worth.

The gentleman's allusion to the Hindoo *sutte*, hardly sustains his argument. Happily the custom is now obsolete. At no time, however, are we aware that the act of self-immolation was other than a voluntary self-devotion of the wife, and in view of the fact that in India generally the man and wife have been playmates while children, we must regard the act as evidence for rather than against the enduring nature of the attachment which there subsists between husband and wife.

CARMEN AMERICANUM
Latine Reditum.

PARCE, parce illi, preeor, arborator,
Quercui ; quemquam neque tange frondem !
Tuta sit Quercus, mihi parvulo que

Præbuit umbram.

Arboreum, primum manibus piis quam,
Præ domi parvæ foribus locavit.
Hic mei patris pater ipse, ne tu

Tange securi !

Heu ! puer grata nimis otiosus,
Sæpe ramorum jacui sub umbra ;
Sæpe sub ramis hilares meæ lu-
sere sorores.

Basia hic mater dedit, hic prehensum,
Cariter dextra tenuit pater me.
Flere mi fanti haec liceat, sed oro,
Siste securim !

Carius toto nihil est in orbe,
Te mihi, Quercus. Tibi flexuose,
Gaudeant, Quercus, volucrum perenni,
Carmine frondes.

O procellosos maneas per annos,
 Robor invictum ! Procul hinc securis !
 Te, mihi dextra remanente, nemo
 Destruat, Arbor !

LA PIPE D'OR AND OTHER POEMS.

By Christopher Cruet, Esq., 12 mo., pp. 100. New York : Nemo & Outis, successors to Donowho & Co.

(Mock Criticism. Jan. 28, 1864.)

OUR old friend, Mr. Cruet, will accept our hearty acknowledgments for the very handsome copy with which he has presented us, of the work whose title forms the caption of this paper. Nor has it escaped us that he has not forgotten to enhance its value by affixing his sign manual to the fly-leaf. We trust that we do not transgress the limits of our privilege in speaking thus publicly of a work which, in a sense, has not yet been published ; only a limited number of copies having been thrown off in addition to those intended for the particular friends of the author.

Mr. Cruet, if not a poet, in the rigid acceptation of the word, writes, at all events, with facility and felicity, and knowing the native energy of our Anglo Saxon syllables, knows how to use them with point and purpose. *Apropos* of Saxon force, he well says (Page 25) :

“No words like Saxon in the whole world's width !
 Who would wield Thought as wields his sledge the Smith,
 Must have the Saxon tongue to do it with.”

The character of this little volume is dissimilar from that of most of the poetical collections of the day. Instead of the inevitable “*Stanzas for Music*,” “*Lines on a Tear*,” “*An Angel's Smile*,” &c., &c., which usually form the staple of such works, the reader will be startled to find “*Lines to my Pipe*,” “*A Eulogy on Killikinick*,” “*Epigram on a Cigar butt*,” &c., &c. Indeed, what is remarkable, almost every one of the effusions in the volume involves an allusion to pipes and tobacco.

Mr. Cruet's most ambitious effort, however, is a ballad entitled *La Pipe D'Or*. The period to which we would ascribe the incidents related in this unique little poem, may be fixed as somewhat later than the times of the glorious Sir Walter Raleigh. Mr. Cruet, however, very properly refuses to recognize in poetic fiction the necessity for strict geographical and chronological accuracy. He holds light the theory of the unities of time, place and action. He is right ! Snares they are for the feet of callow bards and feeble witlings only. True genius owns itself the slave

of no circumstances or conditions. It takes the world to pieces and re-disposes and re-combines the *debris* at will. Canute says to the sea—"Roll back!" But the sea "don't see it." Shakspeare does not ask its leave, but takes it *nolens volens* every mile of the way to Bohemia. Mahomet called the mountain to him ; but it was "no go." Not so Oiphens ; not so Shakspeare. The one moved the rocks and trees and stayed the rivers ; and the latter made Birnam Wood come to Dunsinane.

In *La Pipe D'or* the curtain rises as it were on a scene near Schaffhausen. The poet in undertaking to paint for us in words the RHINE, is suddenly caught in a current of poetic feeling which hurries him on thus :

"Oh for the silent mountain tops that, white against the sky,
Look down where through the purple gloom, the Rhine goes
flashing by!"

Then the springs of that nature-worship which is in him, are unlocked, for, spurning the offices of paid mediators between man and his God, he says —

"I find *my* homilies
Writ on the foreheads of the hills and out upon the seas."

And in a foot-note, he adds :

Oh when His wondrous power abroad
Throughout the universe expands,
Shall we kneel down to worship God,
In narrow temples built by hands ?
Nay!—Neath the broad cerulean dome,
The hills my altar and the sea
To peal thy praises, I will come
GREAT UNDEFINED, to worship Thee!"

Though, we own, we do not exactly comprehend what it is which, in this connection, he means by —

"There, as thou kneelest on the sod,
No venal, pious egotist
Takes tithes of praises due to God."

The action of the poem commences where Blanche, daughter of Count Rupert, is in grief on account of the contemptuous manner in which her father has been speaking of her lover Rudolph, of Schaffhausen, to whose suit, on account of disparity of birth and fortune, the Count is adverse. His family pride, however, nearly succumbs to his affection. He mildly reproves her :

"Blanche, never cease to feel that thou art proud Count Rupert's child,
And thou canst not err."

While giving this advice, he is interrupted by Rudolph, who has overheard him :

"In strode young Rudolph on the word : 'Count Rupert, here I stand,'

Thy proper peer, sans fault or fear, to ask thy daughter's hand,'
 The flush of ire, the scowl of scorn Count Rupert's features took,
 But not one inch did Rudolph flinch, but gave him look for look.
 'Well, by the bones of Charlemagne and all the charms therein,
 I do admire thy daring, boy, despite thy beardless chin :
 Proud knights have tried in vain (ha, ha !) and *thou* hast hope to
 win !

Name, prithee, the broad lands to which thy father left thee
 lord !'

Forth stood young Rudolph proudly, and unsheathed his shining
 sword,

Then laid it full before the Count upon the oaken board —
 (No table-cloths or napkins then, in wash accounts were scored).

'I'd bear from thee as Blanche's sire what from none else I'd
 bear.

Thou askest me to what heritage my father left me heir.'
 (He laid his hand upon the sword) 'My heritage is there !'

The old man heard ; and from his brow the scowl at once gave
 way,

As leaden clouds from a mountain peak roll off before the day.

'Right nobly done ! right nobly said ! Thy hand — thy hand, I
 say !

I, too, have been a soldier. All I own, my sword hath won ;
 The well earned meeds of daring deeds that in my youth I've
 done.

These lands, this hall — I give thee all ; I give my daughter, too !
 Here, take a pipe. Dost smoke my boy ?' The youth replied,
 'I do.'

'That's right !' said old Count Rupert, as he filled a pipe,
 'that's right !'

And bowing, passed it to the youth, then handed him *a light*.

'My whole heart to the man who loves tobacco and the sex !

But one condition, I unto thy title will annex :

In lieu of suit and service thou shalt only bring me here
 (I think thou caust not say that the condition is severe)

Twelve pounds of the best 'niggerhead' and twelve clay pipes a
 year !'

Mr. Cruet fails to tell for the benefit of historical inquirers what particular kind of a pipe it was that Count Rupert handed to Rudolph. "Niggerhead" we believe is the name by which a certain kind of tobacco, is, or was once, familiarly known. We do not know what to say in apology for the precedence of mention which "tobacco" is made to take of "the sex," except by attributing it to the exigencies of rhyme and metre.

Of course Rudolph and Blanche are married at last. The epithalamic incidents are graphically touched off. After describing them, Mr. Cruet adds in the "homely phrase" of "the people" which never comes amiss in a ballad —

"And that wedding to this day, hath been the theme of many a
 rhyme ;
 For in the people's homely phrase, they had a "high old time."

But time changes the happy scene. One by one the various actors disappear. Even the inanimate objects, once familiar features of the landscape, in time elude recognition :—

“Now all are fled ; nor stone of that old mansion standeth one ;
But peasants still (as peasants will) talk o'er the day that's gone ;
Still love to tell where old Count Rupert sate o' summer eves,
When the birds were mute and the air was heard at whispers
with the leaves ;—

Sate in his massive oaken chair of square substantial mould,
(Our gilded shams and thin veneers —things made but to be sold
And whoso buys them, is “old” too —were things unknown of
old)

Sate, pipe in mouth and sent the fumes in whirls on whirls
above,

The bodily presentiment of a “cloud-compelling Jove.”
How, in due time, a merry brood of fair-haired urchins played
Within the old manorial hall, and in its forest's shade ;—
How the twelve pounds of “niggerhead” and the twelve pipes of
clay

Failed not, for ten swift years, to come, on the expected day ;—
And how Sir Rudolph—(now a knight—ne'er braver took the
field)—

Wore a tobacco-pipe of gold emblazoned on his shield,
And to-day, the last descendant of his old and honored line
Keeps an ale-house about three miles off as you go towards the
Rhine.

(The ale he draws, I'll swear to you, *n'a pas besoin d'enseign*)—
A burly, jovial fellow.—The place is very old :
By its quaint sign you'll know it—a tobacco pipe of gold.”

We close our notice of the volume reluctantly. We wish Mr. Cruet would take courage, and instead of trying his little craft on the mill-pond of friendship, that he would at once venture forth upon the ocean of public opinion. Propitious airs invite his prow ; and we stand on the shore ready to say—God speed !

LANDSCAPE, ETC.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prevalent opinion that our power to enjoy natural scenery is an acquired taste, of which the people of antiquity were as little conscious as the Iliad is of Eros, the inference is irresistible, that a people so delicately appreciative of the beautiful in form and expression, to judge them by their poetry, their eloquence, and their glyptic remains, could not have been insensible to the diverse and ever varying beauty of the landscape.

Let us believe that they had landscape painters among them. True, we have no evidence that they had, but does this amount to proof that such evidence may not, at some time, have existed? Time levels pyramids ; and how do we know what we may not have lost

by its operation on such delicate materials as those to the custody of which the painter commits his name and fame? The poet alone seems beyond the reach of the Destroyer. The painter can but deprecate where the poet can defy. Their landscape painters and their paintings are gone, supposing, as we fondly do, that they ever really existed; but in the evidence which their poets furnish, we have more than enough to justify our presumption.

The sentiment of nature is aesthetically identical with that of sculpture, poetry, painting, &c., the effect produced by any of them within the mind, being the same, the difference being only as to the avenue of sense through which it is reached.

It is not our feelings that are new; it is our modes of thought and expression. Men had not always, nor indeed up to a late period, had they had the same resources of expression that they have now by critical consent. The employment of common names in typical or abstract senses, was almost unknown.

We feel confident that so late as Addison's time, much of our best poetry would have been rejected on the score of its incomprehensibility. We can fancy how a critic of that period would have received a poem containing such a line as

“The purple silence of the Lombard hills.”

The critic who would have rejected this glorious verse as sheer nonsense, would have been delighted with Campbell's:

“'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.”

Thus it is not so true that the ancients had not as keen an eye for nature as we have, as that ampler resources enable us to communicate more fully and truthfully our impressions of nature. Perhaps that fine sympathy of Mr. Ruskin's with external nature, which so often “overflows itself in words” of glory, only wanted in Virgil and Horace to have attained a like measure, the laborious observation which Mr. Ruskin confesses to have given to it. It is not one alone of the *Carmina* of Horace, that is a complete landscape in itself—

“Where quiet waters taking on their way,
Tibur so fair and fertile, and groves dim
With matted branches”—

leave us nothing to desire.

LYRICS OF LIQUOR.

(Feb. 5, 1868.)

WHATEVER sins and shortcomings may be laid to the charge of wine, under which generic name of course every highly exhilarating beverage must be included, the Muses have no right to com-

plain. Tobacco may or may not be a powerful aid to poetic fancy. Indeed, Master John Phillips, who wrote a poem on *Cider*, many years ago, never, except in that poem—and he wrote many—forbore to put in a good word for tobacco. It is reasonable to presume, that if he had not found in it a ready help to imagination, he would not have been so ready to speak in its praise. Be that as it may, wine appears to be necessary to poetry. Horace and many others have borne respectable testimony to this fact. What would Moore's poetry be but for the "smiles and wine," of which it chiefly treats? Of all the mediaeval rhymed Latin, how little is likely to endure for ever but that portion which celebrates the praises of wine.

"*Sit mihi lagena
Ad summum p'ena.*"

The poor fellow's head does not ache *to-day*, at all events, who first gave such poetical utterance to so ordinary an aspiration. Religious feeling, too, seems to have thrived in those days. Indeed, there seemed to be then a stronger than a mere alliterative affinity between piety and potation. Take for example the words of a hearty drinker :

"*Deus sit propitius
Huic potatori.*"

Man's relations to his neighbor, too, seemed to be wonderfully improved. What, for instance, shows a more unselfish consideration for the comfort of others, than that ascribed to the Aunt of Mr. Martin Hannegan :

"Here's a health to Martin Hannegan's Aunt,

And I'll tell you the rayson why;

She ates bekase she is hungry,

An' she dhrinks bekase she is dhry.

An' if iver a in in

Stopped the coorse of a can,

Martin Hannegan's Aunt would cry :

Arragh, fill up yer glass,

An' let the jug pass—

How do you know but yer neighbor's dhry?"

We like the idea of giving a reason for drinking a health, and the reason here given is logically sound. Martin's Aunt evidently liked a healthy circulation of the fluids. She did not like to see the guests to whom the jug was passing, kept long in suspense. No one but an over suspicious person would impute the lady's eagerness for the rapid passage of the jug to the pleasure she felt herself at its speedy return. It is too commonly said that whiskey inflames the fiercer passions, but here is a little lyrical *morceau* which would incline one to a contray belief:—

"*Musha Kitty ahager d'ye know what?*

Sure my blagu-a-ard has listed,

But to tell ye the thruth it's little I care ;
For, faix I often wished it.

Almost immediately afterwards, showing an amiable insincerity in this utterance, the lady says or rather sings :—

“Musha, Kitty ahager give us a dhrop
For don't ye see *I'm in sorrow* ;
And *if I had* but my shift to “pop”
I'd give you a “throw” to-morrow.”

The lady's benevolent intention in this case should not excite the less admiration because her shiftless condition rendered its accomplishment an impossibility.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

DROP

By

Drop,

Trickling slow,
From the cloud-swathed
Mountain top,

In a wee receptacle
Of the rock, I form a well,
And I grow, and grow, and grow,
Till at last I overflow,
And quietly I steal away

Down the side of the mountain gray.

What is this ? As I move along,
I grow more broad, and I grow more strong.
Ha, ha ! I'm free. I have grown to a rill,
And I leap, in the sunshine, down the hill,
Mine is no sickly strain, but a song
From Freedom caught as the livelong day
Flashing and foaming I bound along.
A precipice yawns o'er a rocky ledge !
Sport for me ! as over the edge,
Down I leap, and out from the spray
Merrily, merrily huiry away,
Away, away, away, away ;
Through ancient woods, where twilight dwells, and out athwart
green meads,
Where sunshine sleeps the live-long day, and breezes bend the
reeds.
I leave the village on my right ; pass near the church so still ;
I wash the fleecs on my way, and turn the lazy mill.
But hark, that e'er recurring sound booming so sullenly !
Receive my ever coming stream, oh grand, mysterious sea !

FROM HORACE.

Ad Virgilium.

(Car. Lib I: 3.)

So may the goddess Cyprus' isle adores—

So, Helen's brothers, stars of lueid glow.

And Father Æolus direct thy course,

Letting but fair winds blow.

Ship, which with Virgil to thy charge this day

Committed sailest—half my soul and more—

That thou may'st bear him, fervently I pray,

Safe to the Attic shore.

Swathed was his heart in oak and triple brass

Who, with frail plank the rude remorseless sea,

Was first to take. Of winds with winds a-clash,

But little fear had he.

No fear had he of tearful Hyades

Nor of the south wind than which, when it raves,

No despot more capricious Adria sees

Rise or put down the waves.

What way of death could fill his soul with awe

Who, on sea monsters steadily looked down—

Unmoved, huge seas and high Ceraunia saw,

Those rocks of ill renown?

Country from country, all in vain, has Jove

Cut off by the unreconciling sea :

The bounding ships, the very shoals above—

Dash on defiantly.

By aught on earth—by aught in heaven unawed,

The human race to all things would aspire.

The daring child of Japetus, by fraud

Brought down to mortals fire.

For which consumption and a mighty host

Of fevers dire befall the human race.

Death, tardy once, his former slowness lost,

And comes with rapid pace.

Dædalus through the inane air his course

Attempted upon wings himself had wrought ;—

Broke through to Acheron Herculean force ;

Man stops at naught.

Insane, the very heavens we essay,

Permitting not in our presuming pride,

The observant, angry Deity to lay

His thunderbolts aside.

C H A P T E R

1868.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCHUETZEN-FEST.

JULY at last. The days of Robin Hood,
Seemed to have dawned once more in Jones's Wood,
The rifles rattle and the far-off targe
Declares good shooting, pierced at each discharge ;
Until his hand our lucky Knebel tries,
And fobs a thousand dollars as his prize.
Strange that our Feiss and Schumaker just then
Are winning target prizes in Vienne.

THE E. D. SCHUETZEN-FEST.

AND now, in Myrtle Avenue Park once more,
As friendly rivals meet our Schuetzen Corps ;
The birds grow less at each succeeding fire,
Till Kretzmer yields his crown to Hilkemeier ;
For whom is still in store, one new delight ;
A King to-day, he'll have a prince to-night.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

HEAR no vain utterance. Ere ten years are o'er,
The age of feeble glims will be no more,
And many a street, where countless lamps we view,
Will then be lit from end to end by two.
Gas lamps will then no more offend our gaze,
Than tallow dips—"The Lights of other days."

1869.

How oft in the Conservatory, Taste,
'Twas thine, to be a pleased and welcome guest,
While Mollenhauer ruled the lyric storm ; its roar
Now like to that of breakers on the shore,
And the succeeding instant, heard to die,
And dwindle to the echo of a sigh.

THE E. D. SCHUETZEN-FEST.

AGAIN we've gone to see the *men of mark*
Do splendid feats in Myrtle Avenue Park.
At the last contest of our Schuetzen Corps,
'Twas rather late before the work was o'er,
The *Vogels* taxed the shooters' powers enough,
But Charley's *Vogels* were not quite so tough.
However, Tietjen brought his eagle down
And bore away from Hilkemeier the crown.

THE NEW FIRE DEPARTMENT.

FIREs have become less frequent nowadays,
We've our Paid Fire Department—and it *pays*.

THE ELECTION FRAUDS.

AH! justice calls for satisfaction still,
 But will she get it? Morris says she will.
 The Roman Fasces in a dream we saw,
 Those civic rods which once held crime in awe.
 To each was fixed a scroll, and under all,
Verba, non verbera was written small.

OUR EVENING SCHOOLS.

BEHOLD our Evening Schools. More good, from these
 Will come, than from our Universities.
 We, for our future citizens, shan't blush,
 With Evening Schools and Principals like Bush.*

1870.

DELIGHTED, Terpsichore's votary
 Scans the long list of festivals gay —
 The ball of the Y. P. C. Coterie
 And that of the I. M. S. A.—
 (Our feelings thereat, how express them?
 We'll prize it while memory runs—
 Wishing health to the ladies—God bless them,
 And health to the “Irishmen's Sons.”)

SCHUETZEN KING.

BY and by you'll see the vogels from the mast-head tumble down,
 And cheers will ring from every side, while Hunken wins his crown.

THE PICKELHAUBEN GUARD.

HO! wherefore is it, neighbor, that this raw December day
 Ride scarlet-dressed, with lance in rest, those *Uhlans* up
 Broadway?
 Whence those fierce, fur-capped hussars too, whose green jackets
 flout the air,
 While their horses' necks time haughtily the band of Martin
 Mayer?
 Whence those men in spike-topped helmets and steel breast-
 plates bright and hard?
 They have just arrived from Europe. They're the Pickelhauben
 guard.
 And don't you see who follow? Wilhelm, Fritz and Carl his
 brother,
 And Bismark, and old Moltke, deep in talk with one another.
 Not long ago they visited, disguised, this common-weal,
 The King as Conrad Peterson, and Moltke as George Giehl.

* Edward Bush, Esq., of School No. 18.

They go to capture High Ground Park, it being by all regarded
As the place whence Paris—fated town!—can now be best
bombardeed.

1871.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE Westfield's hideous holocaust to-day,
Remembered gives our blood the chill of clay.
Alas! no retribution for the wrong!
Vain struggle of the people with the lords,
Who sway it o'er them and will do it long,
Through tools obsequious and abundant hoards.
Opinion's weak, but these be wondrous strong,
And vain, O vain un-venal Neilson's words;
For words don't make the arguments just now,
To which most people—even jurors—bow.

THE SCHUETZEN-FEST.

Ho! Myrtle Avenue's pleasant Park once more!
Once more the *vogel's* on the mast-head mounted.
The Eastern District sees her Schuetzen Corps,
March green apparelled to the station wonted,
Headed by Kohlmeier. Ere the day is o'er,
We see the bird bicephalous dismounted.
Next with loud cheers the green recesses ring,
And Wessels all greet with "Long live the King."

LOCAL GROWTH.

OUR numerous architects since the year began,
Have not been idle. This the year's work shows,
Ditmars has thrown off many a noble plan,
Whose ruined archetypes in Greece repose,
And many a one for modern taste to scan.
'Neath Gaylor's eye the iron column rose.
Building was active: Rodwell, Gibbons, Cannon,
Kohlmeier, Hesse, Brady, were its *sine qua non*.
Would you see something perfect in its way,
Seek the Apollo Rooms on Fifth Street, where
Color and Form combine in a display,
With which we know of few things to compare.
Of Charley Hayes we're proud and well we may
Hearing his praises echoed everywhere,
Be proud of one whose hand's artistic touch
For local art's advance has done so much.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFATORY NOTE	3
BALLADS OF THE 'BURGH.	
Ye Lay of Ye Hous-cless Howard	5
Off to Little Neck	6
The Greenpoint Oyster Merchant	6
The Man who jumped to reach the Boat	6
Oh my Umbrella	8
Mr. Timothy O'Flanagan's Account of the Museum, New York	8
Hans Klein	10
Where has the Butcher gone, Sonny?	12
The Bull Chase in Greenpoint	13
Clam-ant in Eremo	13
The Reconciliation	14
Strangled	17
Forgot to Come Back	18
The Goose March on Bedford Avenue	18
How Dobson Paid his Board	19
Song of a Sewing Machine	20
Called for the Clothes	20
An Incident of the Second Battle of Bull Run	21
The Magic Lantern	21
A Bell-Ringer's Dream	22
A Pipe Lay	22
Carl Anschutz and the King of Prussia	23
Whiskey in Columbia County	24
An Incident of St. Patrick's Day	25
Tale of a Duck	25
The Yacht Bertha	26
The Wood Musketeers	27
The Green Rangers	27
The Supper in Thessaly	28
EPIGRAMS.	
On the Burning of the City Hall Cupola, New York	29
On one who writes wicked Epigrams, &c.	29
An Astronomical Argument	29
An Old Lady boasts that she moves in Fashionable Circles	29
Inscription for an Ink-Bottle	29
An Old Riddle Answered	29
A Riddle which has never been answered	30
The Devil a "Sine Qua Non"	30
Thoughts	30
Persevere	31
Prævalebit	31
The Reason	31
On a Pedantic Pedagogue	31
Coincidences	31
The Flight of Time	31

Tempora Mutantur Et Nos Mutamur	32
The Fog	32
Trouble in Heaven	32
Palman Qui Meruit Ferat.....	33
Vale.....	33
On Ower True Tale.....	33
The Parisian Lover and his Pigeon	33
The Poor Man's Harvest.....	34
On Viewing T. R. Gould's Statue of the "West Wind".....	34
Petitio Passeris.....	34
Lines to C. W. Douglas	34
On a Brother and Sister	35
Christopher Cruet and his Pipe.	35

SONGS, TOASTS, &c.

Song—The Old Liberty Pole	36
The same	36
A Ditty of Greenpoint.....	37
Coney Island.	37
Song	37
Toast.....	38
From the German	38

HEXAMETER AND PENTAMETER.

Rural	39
By the Sea-Side	39
In the Woods	39
Rockaway Beach	40
A Bit of Landscape	40
Sample of a New Translation of Virgil	40
Peace	41
Written on the Site of Throop Avenue Church	41

MISCELLANEOUS.

La Divina Comedia Nuova	42
On the March	43
The Classical View of Woman.....	45
Carmen Americanum	47
La Pipe D'Or and other Poems.....	48
Landscape, &c.	51
Lyrics of Liquor	52
The Mountain Stream	54
From Horace	55

EXCERPTS—1868—1869—1870—1871.





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